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01x13 - Very Stupid People

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01x13 - Very Stupid People

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **03/23/01 09:47**

[Brian's office. Two other guys -- looking remarkably similar in identical dark suits, short haircuts, and glasses -- are showing Brian their ideas for the Shullman Shoe campaign.]

Bob: Brian!

Brian: OK, boys, you've got 15 minutes. What do you got for me?

Brad: The Shullman Shoe Layouts.

Bob: You're goin' to love it.

Brian: I'll be judge of that.

[Another young man with a coffee cup comes in]

Kip: Sorry.

Brian: You're looking for someone?

Kip: Yeah, the Shullman Shoe Meeting. Mr.Ryder said I should set in, learn a thing or two he said.

Brad: Well, Brian is the best.

Bob: The best.

Brian: [to Bob] Thanks, Brad.

Bob: I'm Bob.

Brad: I'm Brad.

Kip: I'm Kip Thomas. I just starting here.

Brian: Well, sit your a*s down, Kip Thomas. The boys are put on the show. So, how we make those f*cking ugly shoe exciting?

Brad: The same way we make those f*cking ugly raincoats exciting last May.

Bob: Models. By taking your eye off this shoe...

Brad: ...and putting on this face.

Brian: But the trouble is we're not selling this face. We're selling this hideus shoe! [to Kip] What do you think?

Kip: I... I like it but it's...try again. Only...

Brad and Bob: Only?

Kip: Why try and hide what the product is?

Brian: Go on.

Kip: I'd just photograph the shoe. With maybe a thought bubble, saying something like, 'I'm not hip. I'm a classic.'

Brad: Brian, would we continue please?

Brian: No, do we not. 'I'm not hip. I'm a classic.' You givin' it a personality with humor and you tained it with so called dignity. How long have you been here?

Kip: Uh, two months.

Brian: Their working here for two years. Draw it up.

Kip: Me?

Bob: Him?

Brad: Him?

Brian: [to Kip] Him. The boys will help you out. Won't you, boys?

[The Happiest Funnest House Ever Built. Lindsay and Melanie are hosting a baby shower for another l*sbian couple, Franny and Zoe.]

Zoe: I have to say that a year ago I don't think any of us would adream that we sitting here pregnant. I mean it's really happened.

Franny: Thanks to two true trail-blazing pioneers, Melanie and Lindsay.

Zoe: Now your role models. For us all.

[Everyone claps in appreciation.]

Mel: [whispers to Linds] I wish their all leave.

Lindsay: Shh. Their could hear you.

Mel: I don't care if they do. Why we go through this?

Lindsay: We're be planned this for months. We can't disappointed Zoe and Franny. How do you think they'd feel?

Mel: How do you think I feel? Like a liar and a fool.

Lindsay: Can we talk about this later?

Mel: Sure honey, like everything else. I'm going to go spike the punch.

[At the punch table, Melanie gets a glass and then leans on the table next to some other woman.]

Mel: Franny's so cute and tiny. Christ, I hate cute and tiny. Oh, God. You're probably best friends.

Marianne: Since high school.

Mel: Oh, f*ck.

Marianne: I'll drink to that. Don't worry about it. I hate cute and tiny, too.

[Meanwhile, in the living room, Franny and Zoe have just gotten a tiny leather jacket for the baby.]

Marianne: Christ, I just about k*ll for a cigarette right about now. All this baby stuff is just making me crazy!

Mel: Why? Because you have one?

Marianne: Because I don't want one. Don't get me wrong, I like kids. Other peoples kids. About ten minutes. I'm more of a career d*ke, myself.

[In the living room, Lindsay sits down next to the happy couple.]

Mel: I used to say the same thing. That was until we had our son. I'm Melanie Marcus.

Marianne: Yeah, I know -- the role model. I'm Marianne McDonald. Definitely not a role model.

Mel: Well, good for you.

Marianne: Although I suppose you could say I am PC...if 'PC' stands for 'performs cunnilingus.'

Mel: Oh god, you're a whiked.

Marianne: Thank you. So you wanne sneak outside for a smoke with me?

[Babylon! At the bar.]

Brian: P-Town party is coming up, boys. I'll make the reservations as usual. For the three of us.

Michael: Three of us?

Brian: Yeah, me and Emmett and Ted.

Michael: And what about me?

Brian: You can't go.

Michael: Why not?

Ted: You're in a relationship. Or have you forgotten?

Brian: No more fun for you.

Michael: David said I could go as long as I behave myself.

Brian: Then, what's the point of goin'?

Ted: That just means more guys for me and Em, right, Em?

Emmett: Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah.

Ted: What's the matter with you?

Brian: He's got razor burn on his ba*ls.

Emmett: I'm fine. I'm fine.

Brian: Well, then get your a*s on the dance floor.

Ted: You're coming? Or we have to carry you?

Emmett: I just... I just wanna finished my drink.

[When The Boys are gone, Emmett pulls out his cell phone and calls Matt]

Emmett: Hi, it's Emmett. Help!

[At another club on Liberty Avenue. Emmett -- gesticulating wildy.]

Emmett: Their making plans to go to P-Town. And now I really want to go. All those men. All those drugs.

[Matt pulls his hands down]

Emmett: Sorry. And that's not the worst of it. Yeah, I almost sold the watch that my grandfather gave me on my death bed to buy a ticket for Barbra's absolutely final, farewell, I swear to God this is it, concert. I mean, I can barely survive on my own. And I'm going to fill Mrs. Brolin's coffer? That's sick. I'm sick.

Matt: But there is a cure. That's why you came to 'See the Light.' Believe me, I know how you feel. I've been there. Look at this. What do you see?

[Matt hands Emmett a picture of a drag queen]

Emmett: Big mature drag queen or your mother.

Matt: That was me.

Emmett: No! C'mon. But you're so --

Matt: Straight? Thank you. I keep this photo as a reminder of my former life. But even then, I knew that underneath those wigs, and all those fabulous gowns, there was a conservative Republican computer analyst dying to be freed. That's what 'See the Light' did for me. And they can do this the same for you, if your serious.

Emmett: I am, I am serious. I swear to God.

Matt: Good, but don't fool yourself. That won't be easy. At some point you may be extricate yourself from certain corrupt influences.

Emmett: You mean my friends?

Matt: Are they really your friends if they lead you into temptation?

Emmett: Well, I never do it deliberately.

Matt: Emmett, if you See the Light, you musn't allow anyone or anything to divert you from the path.

Emmett: Thank you Matt for your support.

Matt: Hey, that's why I'm here. To make sure you don't slip.

[Brian's office. Kip comes in.]

Kip: Brian?

Brian: So, are you CEO of the company yet?

Kip: Not for another week or two. So, Mr.Ryder told me you really gonna used me ideas for the shoe ads.

Brian: I steal anything good and put my name on it.

Kip: That's great. Although Bob and Brad aren't too happy about it.

Brian: Well, people with no talent usually are when someone with real talent come in town comes along.

Kip: Yeah, well, you're pretty talented yourself. In fact, you have a reputation.

Brian: I do?

Kip: For being the best accountant ad exec in the company.

Brian: Yeah, that to.

Kip: And that's why I ask if I can work with you?

Brian: I thoughed Ryder has send you.

Kip: Yeah,uh... I... lied.

Brian: Come here for a second. This is a new compaign we're starting for Liberty Air. I want you on the team.

Kip: Oh my god, that's... that's fantastic. Wow. How can I ever thank you?

Brian: Doin' a good job.

Kip: You can count on it.

[Instead of walking out the door, he closes it, turns back to Brian]

Kip: I just want you to know that you can count on me for anything. Day or night.

Brian: Well, you really are going for the gold watch.

Kip: I mean it, because I think that you are really, really amazing.

[He's about to unbuckle Brian's pants and lean in for a kiss, when Brian stops him.]

Brian: What are you doin'?

Kip: sh*t. I'm sorry. Um, I didn't mean to. Look, I don't know what I was thinking.

Brian: Yeah, well, whatever it was you thought wrong. Because I'm the one who makes the first move.

[And with that, he rips open Kip's shirt, sweeps all the papers off his desk and throws a surprised Kip onto it. Brian then pulls a condom out from somewhere, throws it in the air, catches it in his mouth, and rips it open with his teeth. The camera starts sh**ting from underneath the glass, so you can see Kips thighs and butt pressed up against it. So, Kip's all panting, and Brian's all pumping and sweating, and Kip finally comes.]

[Cut to Mike in the passenger seat of Brian's Jeep, eyes wide as he exclaims]

Michael: You f*cked him in your office?

Brian: He was the best thing to come across my desk in a long time.

Michael: You're unbelievable.

Brian: Yeah, that's what he said.

Michael: I didn't mean it like that.

Brian: Don't tell me, no one's ever had a Big O at the Big Q?

Michael: I wouldn't know.

Brian: Well, I would and first hand. And I mean first hand experiences.

Michael: Are you sayin...?

Brian: Remember last Christmas when I came to pick you up and you sending me up for Santa's workshop?

Michael: Not Santa! Don't tell me you f*cked Santa?

Brian: Not even I would do that. [Pause] I'm not into fat. It was his elf.

Michael: You didn't!

Brian: What he lacked in feet, he made up for in inches.

Michael: I don't want to know. But you better be careful. I mean doin' it in your office -- that may be a little high-risk, even for you.

Brian: But he ask for. He want one for me. I gave him a great opportunity, and a great f*ck. He has no complaints.

[The House so Happy that Disney Should Sue. Melanie's in the living room working as Lindsay walks in, cheerfully talking to Franny on the phone.]

Lindsay: It was our pleasure, Franny. When it happens, don't worry, we'll be there, ok? Love you Zoe, and Mel send her love, too. OK. Bye. Franny and Zoe send their love.

Mel: That's nice.

Lindsay: They really appreciated the shower and their really like the mobile I made for them.

Mel: Do you ever get tired for been so cheery?

Lindsay: You have no idea.

Mel. Well, I'm tired of putting in all these extra hours so you can be with the baby. So, why don't you just go -- go be with the baby.

Lindsay: It's not just for me. I wish you stop saying that so Gus can be...

Mel: ...raised by one of this mommies instead of an stranger. Now, can I please get to work?

Lindsay: Not until you apologized for the way you behave on the shower.

Mel: How do I behave?

Lindsay: We were rude, critical, the other time you don't be there.

Mel: What about your behavior? Smiling and gracious as ever, as if nothing's wrong.

Lindsay: Plenty is wrong. We just don't share that with our friends.

Mel: Maybe they should. Maybe our friends should know that their role models aren't so perfect after all.

Lindsay: Were do you goin'?

Mel: For a smoke.

[Emmett at home. Emmett's packing up all of his sex-related paraphernalia.]

Emmett: Shaving Ryan's Privates, Good d*ck Hunting, As Big as it Gets - gone. Oh, Fatal Erection - film classic. Sterling silver c*ck ring - I looked fabulous on.

[Mike and Ted walk in. Mike came by to pick up the mail]

Michael: Hi, Em.

Emmett: Oh, hi.

Michael: I just came by to keep the mail.

Emmett: Right there.

Ted: We want to see if you grab to bite... [he sees the box] What you're doin'?

Emmett: Spring cleaning.

Michael: It's December.

Emmett: Yeah, I'm just donating some things to the homeless.

Ted: Black leather caps. Porn tapes. And a double-headed dildo. Well, you are going to make some lucky bag lady very happy.

Emmett: All right, well, I might as well be straight with you.

Michael and Ted: Straight.

Emmett: It's not impossible, you know? I know that you guys are my friends, and that you'll support me in anything I choose to do.

Michael: Of course.

Ted: Weren't we there to cheer you on when you painted your toenails magenta?

Emmett: I've decided that I need to explore the part of me that isn't g*y.

Ted: And what part, pray tell, would that be?

Emmett: So, I... I just joining those groups, 'See the Light'.

Ted: Oh sh*t!

Emmett: And their gonna help me find my way back to my true self.

Michael: Who you are is your true self!

Emmett: No, this is who I allowed myself to become.

Michael: That's bullshit!

Emmett: They said you might react badly.

Ted: Yeah, what else did "they" say?

Emmett: That I can be the person god wants me to be.

Ted: Jesus Emmett, they're brainwashing you.

Emmett: No, they're not. They're very nice people.

Ted: Yeah, who just happen to want every g*y person on earth annihilated!

Michael: They haven't offered you any Kool-Aid yet, have they?

Emmett: You know, I really don't appreciate been moped.

Michael: That's the napkin Liza autographed for you!

Emmett: Gone.

[Liberty Avenue.]

Ted: This is all my fault. I'm the one who beg on him to come with me to my hiv test. If he hadn't, he would never this happened.

Michael: You're not responsible for losing his mind.

Ted: Maybe all he needs is one good f*ck to forget all about this.

[They pass a guy handing out flyers and take one.]

Ted: Look at this. Zack O'Tool in a plate.

Michael: The pornstar?

Ted: I have his entire "oeuvre" on DVD.

Michael: I didn't know he could talk.

Ted: I wonder what kinda play this is.

Michael: What kind of play do you think something called "Twelve Horny Men" is?

Ted: Why we don't find out?

[The friendly neighborhood l*sbian bar. Marianne and Melanie sit at a table, smoking and drinking. Melanie sighs, exhaling a stream of smoke in the air]

Mel: It feel soo good. Sometimes I would do anything for a cigarette.

Marianne: Well, that's good to know. So why do you indulge yourself when you feel like it?

Mel: I gave up smoking when the baby became. Lindsay was concerned about secondhand smoke. She's right.

Marianne: Is Lindsay one of those people who's always infuriatingly right?

Mel: About almost everything, damnright. It was such a relief, I mean at the shower everyone talking babies, breathing babies.

Marianne: Yes, it was a bit oppressive.

Mel: I mean, don't get me wrong, I love my son. But sometimes...

Marianne: ...sometimes, you just need something else.

Mel: You mind if I'm smoking?

Marianne: I have another pack.

Mel: Oh, it's okay.

[As the waiter puts down two more glasses of wine.]

Mel: MM?

Marianne: Yeah, you, me, and Marilyn Monroe, we all have the same initials. What do you think that means?

Mel: Yee, that two of three are d*kes?

Marianne: You know, I actually heard...

Mel: No! Stop!

Marianne: I'm serious. Well, I think this is fate. Just when you needed someone to tell your troubles to. Not that you have to tell me. Considering that I'm your new best friend and weed pusher.

Mel: Look, everyone has this.

Marianne: I know. Wait until you get a load of mine. But I want you to know someting. That whatever's said here at this table doesn't go any further. Girl Scout's Honor.

[Brian's. Justin's dropped by.]

Brian: How long have you known me? I don't 'do' dates.

Justin: It's not a date! I asking you to come with me to Babylon.

Brian: The answer is no. I have work to do.

Justin: Since when this ever stopped you?

[Brian smacks him on the butt]

Brian: Why are you studying you for your SATs?

Justin: Dancing helps my concentrating. Seriously, it release certain endorphins so that I can study harder and for longer periods time.

Brian: So, Babylon's good for your health. That's a new one.

[The doorbell rings, and Justin runs to get it, but Brian pulls him back.]

Brian: Yeah?

Kip: "Hey, it's Kip."

Justin: Who?

Brian: Is none of your business.

Justin: Who?

Brian: And it is business, believe it or not.

Justin: That's okay. I'll just find someone else to dance with. Shouldn't be a problem.

Brian: So that you can study, longer and harder.

[Justin walks down the stairs and Kip comes up in the freight elevator. Justin sort of lurks around a corner to check Kip out and then mopes off.]

Brian: You had problem to find it?

Kip: No, your direction was fine.

Brian: Good, you brough your work.

Kip: Man, this is awesome.

Brian: Would you like something to drink?

Kip: Yeah, you have some beer?

Brian: Yeah.

Kip: So, if you don't mind if I'm asking, how much is this place like cost?

Brian: More than you can afford on your current salary.

Kip: Not for long.

Brian: Yeah, I'm sure you'll go far.

Kip: You mind if I take a look around?

Brian: Go ahead. I'll be right with you.

[Brian goes back to his desk to organize his paperwork.]

Brian: So, why don't we --

[Brian finds him sprawled out naked on the bed.]

Brian: ...get started.

Kip: That's just what I had in mind.

[The "play." As Ted and Mike watch in anticipation, Zack O'Tool strides the stage]

Zack: We've been locked in this jury room for three days. Three days, trying to reach a verdict. Three days with no human contact.

[The audience is all men, most with their mouths open in awe. Ted, for one, has rolled up his program and is subconsciously running his hand up and down it.]

Zack: Three days breathing the air in here, thick with the smell of man-stench.

Michael: [whispers to Ted] Speaking of stench, you ever heard such of dialogue?

Ted: Sssh, it's brilliant.

Zack: Well, there's only one way to break this deadlock.

[Audience holds its collective breath, Zack rips off his shirt, and then rips off his pants. Shot from behind, his d*ck falls, like, halfway to the floor. The other eleven jurors rip off their clothes, too, and the crowd bursts into applause.]

Michael: This must be how they reached a verdict in the O.J. trial.

Ted: That's what I call a hung jury! Bravo!
[Outside after the play, Ted and Mike make their way through the crowd of losers asking for O'Tool's autograph. When they're finally in front of him, they start giggling like schoolboys]

Michael: That was a really interesting play.

Zack: To me, it challenges the very nature of our legal system and asks, 'Is it indeed possible to even receive a fair trial?'

Ted: Well, I'd say that our judicial branch is in fine shape.

Zack: So, do you like to sign your programme?

Ted: Uh, actually Mr.O'Tool... [to Mike] I can't actually talk to Zack O'Tool.

Michael: We were wondering if...

Ted: ...ever did personal appearances?

Zack: I got a open play on Saturday.

Michael: No, we're thoughed about more... personal appearances.

Ted: It's a very good friend of ours is having certain doubts about himself. And since you are his very favorite, favorite porn star, we're thoughed you can see him.

Zack: Tell him he can see my show. Or, wait until next month, when I'm making my Shakespearean debut as Coriol an*s.

Michael: It might be late by then. He needs you now.

Ted: We'll pay! A thousand dollars!

Michael: Are you out of your f*cking mind?!

Ted: No. But Emmett is.

[The Mickey-Can't-Touch-This House. Melanie creeps in the door and takes a deep breath before starting up the stairs.]

[Cut to Melanie and Marianne at Marianne's place, walking in the door.]

[Cut back to Melanie walking up the stairs, as the camera focuses on her hand -- the one with the wedding ring on it -- holding onto the banister.]

[Cut back to Marianne's, as Marianne takes the same hand and leads it up her own staircase.]

[Back to Mel's, as she tries to enter her and Lindsay's bedroom without making any noise.]

[Cut to back to Marianne, lighting a candle, and then seductively blowing out the match. Melanie, with a determined look on her face, takes off her jacket and joins Marianne on the bed.]

[Cut back to Melanie and Lindsay's bedroom, as Lindsay sleepily calls her name.]

Lindsay: Mel?

Mel: Sorry I wake you.

Lindsay: You left so angry. What time is it? Where have you been?

[Cut back to Marianne's bed, where Mariane runs her hands up Melanie's body and hey have sex.]

[Cut back to Mel and Linds]

Mel: Nowhere - out.

Lindsay: Aren't you tell me were you goin' without called? What if Gus or I need you?

[Back to Marianne's bed. More sex.]

[Back to Mel and Linds.]

Mel: I told you, I was for a cigarette.

Lindsay: All night?

Mel: I need the time to myself.

[Marianne's Bed. Mel kisses her breats. She's moaning.]

[Back to Mel and Linds.]

Lindsay: Of course you are. I was just worried. Are you alright?

[Marianne's bed. After the sex.]

Marianne: Are you okay?

Mel: I'm fine.

[Back to Mel and Linds.]

Mel: I'm gonna go and sleep in the guest room.

[Emmett. There's a knock at the door, and Emmett answers it. It's Zack, with the big sideways bulge in his jeans to prove it. Emmett's in shock.]

Emmett: Oh my god, you're Zack O'Tool.

Zack: I'm looking for Emmett Honeycut?

Emmett: Look, that's impossible.

Zack: And why is that?

Emmett: Because that's me.

Zack: Well, I heard that you're one of my biggest fans. I thought I'd drop by and see just...how big.

Emmett: I know every inch of you. I mean I know you inside... and out...

Zack: You mind if I come in?

Emmett: Make... make yourself com... comfortable. You know how people say how much smaller movie stars are when you see them in real life? Well, you're actually...not. In fact you looked just like you did in "Hung Like a Horse" were you r*ped the two stable boys.

[Zack grins and sits down on the couch.]

Zack: Their was one of my favorites.

Emmett: Oh, this one what I really like is a scene in "Eating Out" when you r*ped the two busboys.

Zack: I'm horny. I need some release.

Emmett: Oh, my God, that's exactly what you say in Deep End, Part II when you r*pe the two pool boys.

Zack: I got the golden dildo for best act on that one.

Emmett: I know and it was so deserved.

Zack: Emmett, how'd you like to make friends with my buddy here?

Emmett: Me? Blows Zack O'Tool? I have dreamt about this moment all my life!

Zack: Well, he's waiting for ya.

[The ad agency. Kip walks into Brian's office as Brian's walking out.]

Kip: Hey, how's goin'?

Brian: I'm gonna get a meeting outside the office in 20 minutes.

Kip: I hope it's not like our meeting outside the office.

Brian: What? Oh!

Kip: So, when we are get together?

Brian: Ask Cynthia to check my schedule. Maybe after the shoeman meeting.

Kip: I meant for dinner.

Brian: I don't know. I'm late.

[Kip stops him before he gets into the elevator.]

Kip: Listen, before you go there is something I ask you.

Brian: You have thirty seconds.

Kip: Grayman bumped up to director which means there is a job available. I like to go up for it. And I like you to recommend me. And I'll be damngood.

Brian: I think you would be to.

Kip: Thanks.

Brian: But not yet.

Kip: Why not?

Brian: It's too soon.

Kip: But you keep telling me how great my ideas are.

Brian: They are but you have still a lot to learn.

Kip: Why can I learn on the job?

Brian: I admire your ambition, but you need the experience to back it up. Give it time.

Kip: I don't have time. By then it will get it to someone else. Look, I know I'm not be perfect.

Brian: I told you - you are not ready.

[The Hospital. The Righteous Babe Brigade has gathered together once more, this time to celebrate Franny and Zoe's bundle of joy. Lindsay, leaning across the bed right next to Marianne.]

Lindsay: Another boy. None in the group has a girl yet.

Marianne: I know two gays, Harry and Sam, they're just had a little girl.

Lindsay: I'm Lindsay.

Marianne: Marianne. I was for the shower.

Lindsay: That's right.

Marianne: You know, you two have a beautiful home, and a beautiful son. Hell, you have a beautiful life. I hope you two take care of each other -- you know, protect what you've got. You don't want to lose it.

[Melanie enters, and everyone turns around to look at her. Melanie just about turns blue when she sees Marianne and Lindsay standing next to each other.]

Lindsay: Franny and Zoe had a boy!

Franny: There you are, Mel. Come look at Gus's new best friend.

Mel: He's uh... georgious.

Franny: Isn't it like déjà-vu? I mean, it wasn't that long ago that you and Lindsay were right here.

Zoe: I remember how radiant you two looked.

Lindsay: You two look the same way.

Mel: Would you guys excuse me?

[In the hall of the hospital.]

Lindsay: Mel?

Mel: We were radiant, weren't we? When we had Gus. We were so happy.

Lindsay: Yes, the most beautiful moments on my life. Of our lives.

Mel: So how did we get through this?

Lindsay: To what?

Mel: To where we are.

Lindsay: We have our problems, but...

Mel: Not they're not just problems, everything's wrong.

Lindsay: Not everything. Look, I've be thinking. If you would help to talk to someone then we just should do, like you said.

Mel: Something happened.

Lindsay: What?

Mel: [can't see in Lindsay's eyes] Something happened. I didn't mean for it to. But it did.

Lindsay: I don't understand. What do you mean? [she get it] Who has she?

Mel: Doesn't matter.

Marianne: The nurses come to get the baby. We only have a few moments.

[Lindsay staggers away down the hallway, away from all of them.]

Mel: I'm sorry, Linds.

[Babylon! Brian, Justin, Ted, and Mike are at the bar.]

Brian: You put Emmett up with Zack O'Tool?

Michael: I wish I could be seen there to see his face. He open that door and he him...

Ted: ... standing there.

Justin: Zack O'Tool have supposed to have a twelve-inch d*ck.

Michael: How do you know who Zack O'Tool is?

Justin: Everyone knows who the 'Manrammer' is.

Michael: Even schoolboys?

Ted: That's part of the curriculum. 'g*y Porn Stars 101.'

Brian: Yeah, and here's the first lesson: those that can, do. Those that can't, watch porn. See ya, boys.

[Brian spots his next conquest and heads off. He follows, like, whoever, into the Back Room of Sex. And who should he run into instead but Kip. Kip's higher than the Mir Station this evening.]

Kip: Hey Brian, you wanna dance?

Brian: I don't think so.

Kip: Well we're not in the office now, so let's go down.

Brian: I'm busy. Well at least I was. What do you want?

Kip: Double bumps.

Brian: You shouldn't let see Senior Management know that.

Kip: I'm just celebrating. Tonight is a special occasion.

Brian: Oh?

Kip: Yeah, didn't hear you? This guy got a new position for this job when you recommend me.

Brian: Look, I told you...

Kip: You obliged to help me out.

Brian: Why, because I f*cked you? You weren't that good.

Kip: I'm g*y, and you're g*y.

Brian: Yeah, we're all g*y. Do you think that means you some...

Kip: Favor? We're supposed to help each other.

Brian: The same way I did, by helping yourself. By doin' the job better than anybody else. If you can do that and, trust me, they won't give a sh*t where you stick your d*ck, and don't mix that with booze. There. I did you a favor.

[Liberty Avenue, the next day.]

Ted: That's the fourth message I left for him.

Michael: He's probably recovering from having Zack O'Tool f*cking his brains out.

Ted: That what it takes if he never think to 'See the Light' again then the 1,000 Dollars I spend are well worth.

[They spot Emmett across the street, run to him]

Michael: Were have you been?

Ted: You've got our messages?

Emmett: Uh, I've been busy.

Ted: I'll bet you have.

Michael: So, come and have a drink with us.

Emmett: I can't. I'm meeting someone.

Michael: A guy?

Emmett: Well, if you must know, yes. His name is Matt.

Ted: Well, guys named Matt, by my calculation, are always 87.5 percent cute! So tell us all about it.

Emmett: All about what?

Michael: The other night.

Emmett: The other night?

Ted: Well when a certain someone with a well developed something came in your chamber door.

Emmett: Oh, you mean Zack.

Ted: I love when he is so.

Emmett: It was quite an eye-opening experience, and I owe it all to you.

Ted: Oh anything for a friend.

Michael: As long as it did the trick.

Emmett: It did the trick all right. Really I can't you thank enough. It helped me prove to myself that I can resist any temptation, even it's the only man I've ever had a spontaneous orgasm over provided by resolve strong enough.

Ted: What?! Did you mean, you didn't do anything?

Emmett: Talked.

Ted: You talked?!

Emmett: Did you know he studied acting with Uta Hagen? And he's fluent in three languages.

Ted: That's not the kind of tongue action I paid a thousand dollars for!

Emmett: You paid a thousand dollar?

Ted: Damnright I did, buddy!

Emmett: Wow. They told me you'd stop at nothing to prevent me from finding my true self and there were right.

Michael: Emmett, listen to me. You always found your true self.

Ted: Your true self is a big nelly queen who likes to get down on his knees and suck c*ck, and once a year, on Halloween, likes to get dressed as the ugliest f*ck' Cher that the world as ever seen! And that's okay! You've got to get away from those sicko creeps before they destroy you.

Emmett: No. No. Actually it's you to get away from. They tried to tell me that, but I didn't want to believe them. But now, I've seen the light.

[And he walks down the street, accompanied by completely inappropriate Gospel music.]

[The Happy Fun Discorama. Mel packing. Lindsay's holding Gus]

Lindsay: Mel, you don't have to go.

Mel: I've caused enough harm. It would only be destructive to you, to me, to Gus.

Lindsay: You haven't even say where you goin'? To her?

Mel: There is never any attention to make of it what it was. I'm gonna go to stay with my cousin Rita.

Lindsay: The one with the overbite, who thought we'd never make it?

Mel: Well, I guess she deserves the prize for being right, huh? I guess, that's everything for know. Can I have a moment alone with Gus?

[Lindsay actually hands her the baby and leaves the room.]

[Brian's office. Bob and Brad bravely face The Sneermaster once again over the wingtip campaign.]

Brad: We thought the nostalgia would appeal to the denture set.

Brian: By reminding them that their best years are behind them, and all they have to look forward to is further deterioration. And death.

Bob: We though it would make them smile.

Brian. They're afraid to smile. Their f*cking teeth will fall out! Where is Kip?

Brad: Uh, he called in sick.

Brian: sh*t.

Ryder: Brian, can I talk to you?

Brian: I finishing your parading later.

[Both are leaving the room. Ryder closes the door.]

Brian: What's up?

Ryder: You tell me. Legal just receive the fax from Kip Thomas lawyer. He says that you promised to help Mr. Thomas's career in exchange for sexual favors. And when he, uh, complied, then you rescinded your offer.

Brian: Well, that's complete another bullshit.

Ryder: Well bushit or not he's suing you and us for sexual harassment.

[Brian's face slacks in horror.]

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